

The best treasures of many of the leading galleries in England have been robbed for awhile to make up an array of talent that is overpowering in its general effect and that one might look for in vain elsewhere. There is one room in particular—a small side chamber to the north—which might be called the chamber of the illustrious dead. Here every picture is eloquent of a bygone age. The portrait of Hannah More, by Opie, is owned by the Duke of Manchester. Many Americans will have their first and probably their only opportunity of seeing the originals of West's "Death of General Foote," and "Christ Blessing Little Children," Laible's "May Day Revels," contrasting pleasantly with Turner's rather sombre, "Dolbadden Castle," and Mul-

and "My Village Buffoon." The "Banquet Scene" and "Baque's Ghost," by MacIise, is powerful in effect of light and shade. "Friedrich's Marriage of the Prince of Wales" is remarkable for its skill in preserving the looseness of the stately court without sacrifice of pictorial grouping. In short, in this one room there is enough to occupy the student for many a profitable hour.

The English water colors are scarcely inferior to the oils. But we have only time to cast a rapid glance at two or three of them—Padena's "Story of an Honest Life," Jopling's "In the Conservatory" and Sir John Gilbert's "Visit of Francis I. to the Queen of Navarre." The pleasure of visiting the English collection is rendered complete by the circumstance that each picture bears the title in full and the artist's name.

SPAIN AND NORWAY.

By a strange freak of fortune the land of ice and the land of orange are brought to face one another peacefully in the same gallery. The contrast is not so disagreeing as it might sound. The Swedish pictures are warmer than this country suggests, the Spanish less brightly wrought. Upon the whole the Spaniards, while they reveal the most conscientious manipulation with the brush, do not present a positively attractive ray. For this result the subjects, rather than the artists themselves, are to blame. The subjects are too

They are too suggestive of the cloister and the ascetic's cell. In this respect they contrast most singularly with the recent exhibition of Spanish water colors in New York, where warmth and abandon predominated, and in the present collection we singled out Gonzalos' "Sepulchre of the Catholic Kings at Granada" and "Interior of a Cathedral," "An Old Stone Bridge," by the Haas (a most un-Spanish name, by the way); Diosdado's "Life of Columbus," Jover's "Scene at the Pontifical Court," some genres by Melida and Lucas,

and the "Death of St. Francis of Assisi." Most of the Spanish prices are exceptionally large. Among the Swedish we note Fägerlin's "Bys Smoking," Skönerberg's "Lovers Rambling Through the Woods," and a newly dashed in, but full of light and atmosphere.

the portrait of Count Rosen is extraordinary for the stateliness with which the fur is represented.

FRANCE.

Next to the English in point of merit are the French unquestionably. Their collection is not quite so large and not so carefully wooded. We see here and there a picture that scarcely does its neighbors credit. Still the collection, as a whole, is typical of French style, if

not at its highest pitch of perfection. The *pièce de résistance* is the portrait of Mlle. Croizette on horseback, by Duran. Both rider and horse are all that the lover of art can wish for, natural, spirited and highly attractive. Equally powerful, but less attractive, is "Ruzpah Defending Her Crucified

children," by Becker. The expressions on the faces  
are a feast of horrors for the anatomist. A companion  
piece is the "Assassination of Cmar," by Clement.  
Daumant's "Eastern Guards at Place of Execution" is  
inspired, as also Protat's "Soldiers Camping in the  
Woods." Karpigite's "Study of Trees" is forcible,  
and there are good things by Leleux. "The School,"  
by Coghlin, is in the realistic style. The faces  
of the pupils are true to the life, expressive  
and varied. We pass by the names of A.  
Benvenuti, Pabst, Jacomin and Schencks. We confess  
some disappointment, not at what the French have  
done, but at what they might have done. It is evident

But they have not exerted themselves as the English have. The names represented and the pictures exhibited are good. But where are the Coutures and Peronnes, the Meissonniers and De La Roche, who made the exhibition of 1873 at Vienna so attractive? In view of the array of English talent their absence is painfully felt.

GERMANY.

Not even the most patriotic native of the Fatherland

an fool satisfied with his country's display. As a whole it is weak and meagre, and the few attractive

pieces are easily selected. Van Starkenborgh's "Hardest Scene" fully deserves the gold medal it has obtained. Bosser's "Girl with the Bundle," is fresh and life-like. In Flylander's marine piece we welcome an old friend of '73. Ottheb's

"Singing Lesson" and Gebel's "Village Tavern Concert" are in the happiest style of German genre, while Pöhlner's "Road Through the Hills" is a true German landscape. As might be expected, the battle scenes attract much attention. Knots of three and four, representing more than a hundred paintings, are the work of Braun's "Surrender at Sedan," a flashy and altogether artistic scene, no better than Lottermann's "Gefessung." Fortunately for Braun, there is another painting of the same surrender, still more banalistic. And there is the inevitable Crown Prince and staff, and the equally inevitable Emperor on horseback. Still, the number of patriotic pieces is small in comparison with that at Vienna, and for this we are thankful. Without excess of variety we can claim that Germany is decidedly surpassed by Austria in breadth of artistic conception, even in color.

After wandering through so many rooms and corridors, lined with thousands of art objects, we have every reason for congratulation that the effort of seeing them has been made so easy. The arrangements for light and for nothing to be desired. Even the world-renowned gallery of Dresden does not surpass Memorial Hall in this respect. The light, except in the northern rooms, comes in from above, is not too strong and is perfectly distributed. In no place are the pictures hung beyond

the result of easy venia. Even the corridors, those crucial tests of a gallery, are scarcely inferior to the rotunda or the main rooms. The labors of the Art Committee have thus been facilitated and the artists have no ground for complaint. Even the painstaking chairman of the English Committee, who has tried his best to hang every picture just where it will display itself to the full, may take comfort in the reflection that circumstances have come to the aid of his high intentions. And whoever considers the wealth of the English collection will admit that his task was a most delicate one.

We may add in conclusion that about one-third of

smaller rooms are not yet in readiness.

THE ART ANNEX.

But Memorial Hall, with all its ample rooms, has not sufficed for the display of the world's art. Last winter it was found that the application for space was pouring in, in fact that another building of even larger dimensions would be absolutely necessary. So, without hesitation, the present annex was resolved upon, and almost as promptly called into being. To one who has not seen this part of the grounds within the past two months the transformation is almost incredible. Nothing then was visible but a pile of lumber and the skeleton frame work of a huge something, one scarcely could predict what. Now we cross a narrow strip of ground to the north of Memorial Hall and enter an almost labyrinthine series of galleries, lighted—like those in the elder building—from above and filled with an equally tempting array of treasures. The outside has been painted a imitation of granite, and although quaint in comparison with the lofty rotunda is tolerably fitting with the general surroundings.

Once inside the visitor loses all consciousness of the fact that he is within the walls of a merely temporary structure. The annex is practically but a continuation and a repetition of the hall. The same names meet his eye, the same wealth of form and color arrests his attention. And, perhaps, the popular verdict will be that the annex, as a whole, is superior even to the hall. In certain departments it is so unquestionably. The first room that one enters is the most meagre of all. Some few Italian marbles are an-

pected, but they are not of the highest order, and in general the floor is occupied with unspaced boxes. The Italian pictures, both in this room and in the one adjoining, are not equal to those in Vienna and do not give an adequate representation of modern Italian art. The coloring, as might be expected, is good, but the subjects are rather conventional. Among the statues the visitor at Vienna will recognise many familiar forms, such as "Pharaoh's